Tangled Desire

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by abbymyg

Summary

Will Graham has a peculiar way of interrogating the main suspect from the Il Mostro case, Hannibal Lecter.

Notes

For the bottom Hannibal event and Hannibal bingo prompt fill: interrogation.

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal thought he could get away with his crimes, but he didn't count on Officer Will Graham's wits. However, he still has a last resort he can use that might help him to avoid imprisonment. He's good at reading people, so it wasn't hard to notice the way the Officer looks at him, the lust he tries so hard to hide under his rightful anger every time they meet.

So that brings him to the present time, where he is bouncing on Officer Graham's lap in the interrogation room. He's surprised no one has come to separate them already. Maybe there's no one else in the bureau. Maybe the cameras don't work.

Hannibal moans as Will hits his prostate, hands firmly gripping his hips and controlling his movements.

"Answer the question, Hannibal," the man reminds him.

"Sorry, what did you ask?" Hannibal says with some difficulty.

The pressure of Will's cock against his prostate is clouding his thoughts, making it hard to focus on anything but pleasure.

"I asked," Will says, "where were you the night Mrs. and Mr. Ricci were killed?"

"I was at a friend's house," Hannibal replies. A particularly hard thrust makes him gasp and he holds onto Will's neck not to fall. "Riding him and thinking of you," he adds.

Will pinches his skin and he yelps.

"Don't lie to me," Will says. He traps Hannibal's earlobe between his teeth, lightly tugging.

"I'm not," Hannibal says. "I can't lie to you, officer."

That word sounds dirty coming from his lips.

"Then why did someone spot you coming out of their building?" Will asks. Hannibal clenches around his length, making him groan.

"I don't know," Hannibal breathes. "I have a lot of resentful exes, maybe they're trying to frame me." He shrugs.

"Stop lying to me, Hannibal," Will warns him, and the seriousness in his tone makes Hannibal shiver.

"Make me," Hannibal whispers in his ear.

Will's patience runs out.

He grabs Hannibal's neck with both hands and squeezes. Hannibal eyes go wide. He wasn't expecting that from Will, and the surprise only arouses him more. He struggles to breathe as Will keeps fucking him. He's close, so close to climax he feels dizzy.

“You were there that night and I’ll prove it,” Will says, applying even more pressure. “I don’t know how, but I will.”

It would be so easy to give up now and let the detective have what he wants, but Hannibal has learned never to back down, especially if the results are worth all the trouble.

“Good…luck,” he manages to speak with some difficulty.

The lack of oxygen makes him lightheaded and he feels his balls tightening, the familiar heat spreading through his body. He comes, hard between their bodies, staining their clothes white. Will’s hands leave his neck and he gasps for air, his entire body trembling like a leaf in the cold winter wind. It takes a moment for him to collect himself and when he finally does, a new wave of pleasure invades him as Will floods his insides, coming deep inside of him.

He doesn’t hold back this time and moans loudly into the officer’s mouth as he kisses him. Will lets him as his orgasm subdues, then he pushes him off his lap.

“There’s darkness in you. I’m going to find evidence that you did it,” Will says while he gathers his clothes as if nothing had happened. “And when I do I’m going to enjoy putting you behind bars.”

“Kinky, officer,” Hannibal jokes as he zips his own pants. “One day you’ll have to admit to yourself that the reason you’re so drawn to me is that you know you share the same darkness as me,” he says, moving closer. “Tell me, what did you think when you found the bodies?”

“Disgust. Shock,” Will entertains him as he dresses up.

“Really?” Hannibal quirks up an eyebrow. “I don’t think that’s what you felt at all, Officer Graham,” he says. “I will be honest with you and answer your questions only when you’re honest with yourself.”

Will glares at him but Hannibal doesn’t break eye contact, unmoved.

“You don’t have any evidence I did anything so I think that means I’m free to go?” Hannibal asks. “Unless you want to keep me here for another round, of course,” he teases.

Will sighs. “No, you can go,” he says, pointing at the door. “I’ll have you back in here before you know it. You won’t get away without consequences again.”

Hannibal smiles. He kisses Will on the cheek. “Can’t wait.”

End Notes

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